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Lillie Pozer

EASTER

LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ the Lord of glory,
And worship at His feet!

Oh, sing the blessed story,
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as He said—
Is risen from the dead!

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison
Since Christ Himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Oh, sing the blessed story,
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as He said—
Is risen from the dead!

Ring all ye bells, in welcome
Your chimes of joy again!
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

Oh, sing the blessed story,
The Lord of life and glory,
Is risen—as He said—
Is risen from the dead!

"Laudes Domini."

The Bad Boys' Class.

'It's no use to try,' said a young man, who, because not so successful as he could wish in his attempts at Sunday-school teaching, had given way to discouragement. 'It's no use to try. These boys are so careless and unconcerned, I am quite sure I am doing them no good.'

An aged gentleman to whom his remark was addressed, replied:

'It is now nearly forty years since I first attempted to teach a Sunday-school class. It was a class of boys, and they seemed extremely careless and light-headed. Indeed, so deaf did they appear to all my instructions that at length, yielding to despair, I abandoned my undertaking. Thirty years after this, during all which time I had continued uninterested in Sunday-school work, as I was returning one Sunday evening from church, I was accosted by a man who smiled in my face, and, holding out his hand to me, blushingly inquired if my name was not Mr. P. I answered that it was.

'"Do you remember," said he, "a boy by the name of Dempster who attended your Sabbath-school some thirty years ago?"

'"Dempster," cried I; "I remember Tom Dempster very well, and a wild and wicked lad he was, too."

'"And that once wild and graceless boy," said the man, "now stands before you, changed, however, thank God; and I desire gratefully to state that by the blessing of God it was through your instructions I was convicted of the truth and ultimately brought to Christ; albeit it was not till long after I had left your school."

'After listening to this declaration you can easily imagine how keen was the rebuke which I felt Providence had hereby administered to me for my lack of confidence in his word, how ashamed of myself was I in view of my pusillanimous weakness and unfaithfulness. My young friend, whether permitted to behold the fruit of your toil or not, never despair. Be content in God's name faithfully to sow your seed, assured that in his own time, in his own way, he will honor your faith, and that in due time your glad eyes shall behold the harvest.'

In almost all our Sunday-schools there is just this class of wild, reckless, harum-scarum boys and its discouraged teacher. These pupils never study a lesson; they afford not the slightest evidence of seriousness or thoughtfulness, or desire to learn anything. During the recitation hour they will be found thinking and talking about everything but the lesson, and giving heed to anything but what the anxious and distressed teacher is struggling to inculcate. At the very moment that the teacher is most in earnest impressing some important truth or duty, Tom is pinching or punching Jim, while the shrill yelp of the latter in turn brings down the uproarious laughter of the class.

There is one redeeming feature connected with this class of boys; they are always there. In this one respect, at least, they are loyal to the teacher and the school. Meantime, but for the fact that these boys are soon to be men, that they have immortal souls to be either saved or lost, they would doubtless, in many instances, be summarily dismissed from the school. In view of all the issues involved no one is prepared to recommend so extreme a measure; and so they are kindly and patiently dealt with with all long-suffering and forbearance; and by-and-bye there is a revival, and many of these very boys, become serious, penitential seekers after Christ.

The writer once knew of a preacher's wife on whom had devolved the responsibility of conducting this bad boys' class. They almost worried her very life out of her at first, but she stuck to them, and they stood by her. On the Christmas tree there was found for that faithful teacher a beautiful teacher's bible. Everybody knew where it came from. And when this true-hearted, devoted Sunday-school teacher, sank into her grave under the stress of physical suffering, that whole Sunday-school class were present at her funeral; they gathered about and laid their choicest floral offerings upon her casket, where was placed the bible they had presented to her. They shed tears of sincere sorrow to think that they should see the face and hear the voice of their beloved teacher no more.—Rev. R. H. Howard, Ph.D., in "The Sunday-school Journal."

The Weak Made Strong.

Some time ago a sad accident occurred to a poor lad who is occasionally subject to epileptic fits. One morning when the elder members of the family were at work, the younger ones at school, and his mother busy in an adjoining place washing, he was left in the kitchen alone. He took his seat before the fire, when suddenly a fit came upon him and he fell forward upon it. His mother hearing a noise hurried into the room, in time to save him from being burnt to death, but too late to prevent him being seriously injured. He was immediately conveyed to the infirmary. His pain was so severe, and his fear so great, that whenever the doctors had to operate upon him it was necessary to strap him down.

One of his medical attendants, however, wisely directed his attention to a text of Scripture, contained in a little book of Mr. Meyer's, which one of the nurses had kindly lent him: 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' The truth conveyed in these words entirely changed the current of his thoughts. The idea of a loving Saviour present with him, to sustain him in all he was undergoing, and might yet have to endure, came to him with wonderful power. The impression thus made deepened by Mr. Meyer's remarks upon the text. From this time his sufferings have been borne not only patiently, but joyfully. A bright light has broken in upon his life. In a short time he will probably return to his home. May his testimony there prove a blessing to his brothers and sisters.

Would that many of the doctors and nurses attendant on such institutions were equally ready to direct the attention of poor sufferers to the same source of comfort.—'The Christian,' London.

Why the Miner Yielded.

Mr. Moorhouse, a well-known evangelist, went on one occasion to the mining districts of Yorkshire, to hold services among the miners. Not long before there had been a terrible disaster, in which a large number of men had lost their lives. It was hoped that the awful fatality might have disposed the survivors to think of their eternal interests.

The men, however, were as careless and profane as ever, and one, named Tom Brown, who was known as 'the worst man in Barnsley,' was especially abusive. Mr. Moorhouse preached on the love of God. After the service a Christian man who was there said to him: 'You have made a great blunder; you ought to have told those miners that they would go to hell—you should not have told them God loved them.'

The next night Mr. Moorhouse said: 'I was told I made a great blunder in saying God loved you, but,' he said, 'I am going to repeat it.' And he preached from the same text.

Presently the tears rolled down their cheeks, and 'the worst man in Barnsley' was weeping. Mr. Moorhouse asked him if he wanted to be saved, and he said: 'I do, if God can save me.' That night that man passed from death unto life.—'Sunday Companion.'

'He is Not Here.'

(Meta E. B. Thorne.)

A handful of roses, white and pure,
Outbreathing fragrance rare and sweet,
Type of love that doth long endure—
For, though the roses may fade and die,
Always to each withered petal clings
That undying sweetness that ever brings
To the heart a memory of precious things
That hidden deeply perchance may lie—
'Twas this I brought to my dear love's feet.

The sun shone warm in the azure lift,
The shadows soft swayed to and fro;
On the narrow mound I laid my gift,
And wept for the dear one lying there.
My heart went out in passionate pain
To clasp but a moment his hands again,
To hear his accents—all, all in vain!
Balmy and warm was the summer air,
But cold was my heart as the winter's snow.

That moment there came to my inner ear
A whisper as soft as the wind's low sigh,
And as full of sweetness—'He is not here!'
'Twas all; yet I thought of that olden day
When Mary sought for her buried Lord,
And lo! came the angel's blessed word—
What meaning to her must his tones afford—
'He is not here! He is risen to-day.'
No longer in death life's Lord may lie.

'He is not here!' came the words to me,
And my heart leaped up to the welcome thought.
The heirs of Life are from death set free,
Their blessed Lord from His tomb hath risen,
And Death hath forever lost his power.
What comfort it brought me in that dark hour!
As out of the mold springs the lily flower,
So life upsprings from death's gloomy prison—
Such blessed release our Lord hath brought.

To-day as I look o'er the wastes of snow
That the bleak wind drives with his icy breath,
I think of my love, and am glad to know
'Tis not he that lies in that lonely tomb
Which the snow enwreaths with its icy chill,
And though mine eyes with the tear-drops fill,
And my heart responds with a yearning thrill,
With upward gaze through the winter's gloom
I see him safe in his Father's home,
And victor through Christ o'er the last foe—death.

—'Zion's Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Prairie Easter.

(By May Kingsley Bradley in 'Wellspring.')

It was nearing Easter time. On the broad rolling prairie of south-western Nebraska, where the low sod houses of the new settlers alone broke the monotony of the landscape, it mattered little.

Corn shelling had been late that year. Plowing for corn planting came early, and Easter was early too. But the plowing had crowded all thoughts of Easter out of mind, if, indeed, there had been any thought upon the subject.

Probably not one of the fifteen or twenty settlers' families of Pleasant View but what had heard of the risen Lord and the day that celebrated the event, but hard work, an endless, weary struggle of every member of every family to earn enough to 'prove up' on their claims and keep body and soul together prevented the keeping of either fast or feats days, unless, indeed, every day might be considered a sort of fast day.

An Easterner has little idea of a Western settler's life. It is easy to imagine a large ranch, herds of roaming cattle, acres of corn, milk and cream and eggs in quantities, a rustic sod house, and plenty.

In reality it means hard labor to pay for the claim, long days of exposure in herding cattle, the exchange of every spare ounce of butter and of the carefully hoarded eggs for the plainest necessary clothing, low prices when crops are abundant, and when hot winds scorch and crops fail mayhap a diet of baked squash, starvation, or return to the old home 'down East.'

Mrs. Goodspeed, sitting by the window in her comfortable sod house, thought sadly of the approaching day. There was a look of peaceful resignation on her face that told of trials met, of troubles overcome. The coming day brought to her mind a Vermont graveyard where one April Eastertide her bonny, blue-eyed boy was put away from her sight until the final resurrection. But thoughts of that time were not the only cause of sadness. She felt keenly for her neighbours and longed to bring them more closely to the knowledge of Christ, and a strong desire to make the approaching Easter a day of joy to the surrounding community took possession of her.

The ill-health of Mr. Goodspeed had caused the family to move from their Vermont home to try a Western climate. They had sufficient means to buy a partially improved claim, and their 'soddie' was the most luxurious in the vicinity. Its mud walls were plastered and papered within; it had board floors instead of hard dirt, its furnishings were comfortable, and its big bow window filled with many plants, though built of sod, was the envy of the neighboring women.

Though Mrs. Goodspeed had lived but a short time at Pleasant view, her tact and kindly sympathy had easily won her way to the hearts of her neighbors.

A little knowledge of medicine learned from her father, who was a physician, enabled her to use the more simple remedies; and this, combined with her skill as a nurse, caused her to be a sort of local doctor for the families around, when calling a physician in case of illness meant fifteen miles of travel to the settlement and back, and a bill that most were too poor to pay. All that she could do Mrs. Goodspeed willingly did, and she was loved and respected accordingly.

The sod schoolhouse at the crossroads boasted of a Sunday-school, and an occasional Sabbath service when some travelling

preacher passed that way. And, although Mrs. Goodspeed thought lovingly and longingly of the ivy-covered church at her old home, with its soft light from stained-glass windows, its pure, sweet music, and it solemn service, she could feel God's presence in the little school building with its rough seats, unplastered walls, and small windows, and knew that a few earnest hearts were among the worshippers there.

Mrs. Goodspeed thought of those around her, many of those toiling lives were a continual sacrifice of all of comfort and of beauty for the sake of others. And this March day she decided to make their lives brighter if she could. If possible there should be a happy Easter for all, and smiling at the tall lilies she had brought from the old home, and which were just bursting into bloom, she softly said, 'Yes, you shall help me.'

You may say it was fate or chance, but I am sure it was God that sent Miss Selby en route to Denver at this time.

Mr. Goodspeed, coming from the office that night, handed a letter to his wife. Opening it, among other things she read:

'I am about to start to Denver and find that I go within fifteen miles of your prairie home. I shall stop off and spend Easter with you. You have told me so much of your surroundings and your neighbors that I want to see my old friend whom we all loved and whom we so much miss. Perhaps Nebraska needs you, but we want you back.'

Mrs. Goodspeed handed the letter to her husband. 'That solves part of my Easter problem,' she said. 'Helen can sing.'

Three days before Easter, Helen Shelby came. She readily consented to contribute what she could to the Easter service, and

from her trunk produced a large package of Easter cards. 'I thought you might be able to use them,' she said.

Easter Sabbath dawned drear and chill. Mrs. Goodspeed had enlisted the help of the young people of the neighborhood, and it had been noised abroad that there was to be some sort of 'doin's' at the schoolhouse that morning.

'Suspect we'd better go, Jane,' said Bill Van Port. 'Mrs. Goodspeed was mighty good to us when little Jim was sick; she might me disapp'inted.' And poor Jane looked up with a grateful smile, and got all the little Van Ports ready and bundled them into the big road waggon. It was not often that Jake took her anywhere; he never had time. And she remembered the Easter days of her girlhood.

So it happened that many others came until the little schoolhouse was filled. It seemed transformed. The black walls were draped with an abundance of trailing mosses that Mrs. Goodspeed had received from her home the December before. Each window held a brilliant display of geraniums, and the rude desk was filled with plants above whose glowing green the Easter lilies, now in full bloom, wafted sweet perfume from their pure white chalices.

The old, old story of the Saviour's birth and death and surrection was read. The sweet though untrained voices of the children sang an Easter song. There was an earnest prayer, and a song in which all joined. Then each one received an Easter card, and the children were made glad with gayly colored eggs. At the close Helen Shelby sang. Often she held large audiences spellbound, but never before had she felt her power as within the low sod walls. To eyes unused to tears tears came, and harsh, rugged faces softened as she sang song after song.

As a fitting finale to the service the sun burst forth from its gray bank of cloud, illumining the dreary landscape and the homeward-turning faces of many whose hearts had received the sunshine of the Saviour's presence through the blessed mediums of flowers and of song, and who for the first time realized that their daily sacrifices were Easter lilies laid at Jesus' feet.

An Easter Lily.

(Martha A. Boughton.)

It was Good Friday in 1888. Mrs. White had been preparing Easter eggs during the morning, giving them such bright and varied colors that I am sure the hens that laid them would have cackled a very loud disapproval at their gay appearance, but four bright eyes were sure to sparkle their pleasure when they should discover them. She had finished dressing and was hurrying in order to catch the train which every hour ran from the station near her pretty suburban home to the great city fifteen miles away.

'O wait a minute, mamma,' shouted nine-year-old Ethel, running in from the yard: 'O please, mamma, don't forget to bring home one of those lovely lily plants like Miss Robbins brought to school this morning. Sunday is Easter, you know, and we must have some flowers.'

'No, bring us the scaly bulbs, and let us raise our own flowers,' broke in Fred, three years older. 'It's twice the fun to watch 'em grow than buy 'em all ready potted.' Fred's one year in his country home had made quite a gardener out of him, and he was expecting a world of pleasure from his flower bed under his window.

'But I do want an Easter lily,' persisted Ethel, 'and I want it now.'

'Well, be patient, daughter," said mamma, 'and I will do my best to please you both. I am glad my children both love flowers so well. Some one has called them "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." But I must be going. I shall have a busy afternoon.' So kissing the children, who bounded away to school, she hurried to the station.

Mrs. White busied herself in the few minutes on the train planning for the afternoon. There was shopping, calling, a lecture and a business meeting at the foundling's home, of which she was one of the managers. As this last meeting was at two, she found that she must go there at once. Another car at the depot brought her to the doors of the home in plenty of time. The business session finished, she decided to visit the tiny inmates, as she often did. The matron went with her as she made the rounds. From ward to ward they wandered, visiting the tiny babies who lay in their snowy-white cots. But most of the children were all together, in one clean, large, bright room. 'We have the largest number of babies ever here at one time,' suggested the matron, '53. Fewer are adopted than for many years because of the hard times, and more are either born here or are left here by their mothers for the same reason. Mrs. White looked around at the same scene she had often beheld before. How she did long to give every one of the precious, homeless waifs a mother's loving care and the benefit of a pleasant, Christian home!

Babies! babies!! babies!!! Here was one black as night, with sparkling jet eyes, and woolly hair, jabbing his chubby little fist into the eyes of his whiter but no brighter little neighbor; there, a dear little cripple girlie, trying in vain to move with her hands her one poor foot that she could not move alone. In one corner a pair of twins were slinging blocks around them, and on the wrist of one was a blue ribbon and on the other a red, so that nurse could tell them apart and not feed one when the other was hungry—so near alike were they. A chorus of music, which some people might not have thought very sweet, was coming from the throats of some little tots who were perfectly sure that dinner time had come. Several little tots were sweetly sleeping in their little cots as soundly as though a dozen mammas had made it perfectly quiet so they could.

'Nearly all of these children,' the matron said, 'have been left to us by their mothers, and we must keep them till we find homes for them. By the way,' she added, leading the way to the corner of the room, 'here is a new and sad case. This dear little waif here, now two weeks old, I am especially anxious about. Her mother, a lovely, sweet young woman, was deserted by her husband and came to us. Three days after her baby came, she died. She said she had so much trouble that she didn't care to live. I wish so much that I could find a good home for her baby.' As Mrs. White turned back the covers to see more of the child, it opened its bright blue eyes, fixed them on her, and seemed about ready to tell her the whole story itself. She took it up and looked at it steadily and soberly for a long time, and gently laid it back on its pillow. She was thinking. 'Yes, three of my own to care for, educate and start in the world; my own health not very good; the children maybe would not love it; and maybe, in spite of all I could do for it, it would turn out bad, and it might never thank me for all my care.' These thoughts and others ran through her brain quickly, but saying nothing she walked away.

Her afternoon's work in the city was hurriedly finished and she returned to her home.

As they saw her coming, empty-handed, two long-faced, disappointed children met her at the door.

'O I'm so sorry,' she tried to explain, 'but I forgot all about the flowers. Mamma will promise that you shall have something by Easter morning, however. I think I shall go to the city again to-morrow.'

That night Mr. and Mrs. White had a long talk in the library together, and papa White promised to give two hours of his time in the city to mamma the next day. Where it was spent, you may guess, but the last words Mrs. White said to the matron at the foundling's home were, 'Yes, send her up with her clothes in the morning.'

The disappointment of the children was even greater that night than before when both returned with no Easter lilies, but mamma knowingly whispered to both, 'Wait till morning, my dears, you shall have something.'

Easter morning broke beautiful and bright. Christ had arisen again. The brook back of the house whispered it; the birds sang it loudly and sweetly. The trees wore their bright, new, green robes and the sun shone with a new reviving power. Early worshippers, in new spring attire, wended their way to God's house to celebrate the glad event. The clouds of disappointment rolled away from the faces of the White children as they broke their Easter eggs at breakfast and afterward sang sweetly at the morning prayer,

'Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus has risen and man shall not die.'

As they rose from their knees and were about to prepare for church, the door-bell rang. 'It is your Easter lily, Ethel,' said mamma, 'go to the door.' She did so. There was a young woman carrying a bundle in her arms under a shawl, and behind her a big boy with a small trunk on his shoulder.

'Here is your baby,' she said. 'Take it so that I can catch the next train.' And without further word of explanation she laid the bundle in the arms of Ethel, who was too astonished to offer resistance. Mamma was soon by her side saying, 'It is all right, Ethel, take it in.' Baby soon said its own 'How do you do' to all in decided sounds if not words.

Mamma took the little mite on her lap, gathered the family together, and explained it all to them, especially to her oldest son, a young man who had just entered college, and who did not take at all kindly to the little intruder, but whom baby soon won like the rest, for very soon her admirers embraced the whole household.'

Such an examination of bady as there was: eyes, lashes, ears, hair (or rather no hair), finger nails, and pink toes were all carefully examined and admired.

'What's its name, mamma?' said Ethel.

'Only Baby as yet, I guess, Ethel, but you are to name it just what you want, so think hard.' So as she was dressing she began: 'There's Emma and Mary, Carrie and Della, Jennie, Ella, Flora and Bell.' And so she named over every name in school but none of them seemed in any way to fit or be pretty enough. As she was giving it up a thought of her Easter lily flashed across her mind. 'Why, mamma said baby's my Easter lily,' she thought. 'I shall call her Lily. Lily White,' she repeated over and over. 'Isn't it pretty?'

As she was about ready, she flew to papa with her decision.

'So it shall be,' gravely answered papa. 'And, not so very badly named either. Baby

isn't our very own home-grown little blossom, but transplanted like an Easter lily, to bud in some other home than the one which should have sheltered her. May she always be as pure, as fair and as lovely as the real flower you wanted.'

Little Lily White found tender, loving care in her new home. Papa and mamma, brothers and sister seemed to guard the little blossom ever more tenderly than though she had been born under their own home roof.

Lily is now nine year old. She is tall, very fair (the school children call her 'the white lily'), and from her sweet, sunny disposition, her innocent, pure ways, I know that when she is fully blossomed into womanhood, she will seem even more than now like the lovely, white flower for which she was named.

Mamma feels that her pleasant home has sheltered one of God's little waifs. She says she has been paid a hundred times over, and that a baby does pay more than any other kind of house plant, or than birds or fancy work, or other pleasant, but sometimes useless things. I heard her even threaten the other day to take another, although I'm afraid she is not strong enough to carry her plans out. She says she thinks of the words of an old poet who said, 'A baby is a sweet, new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.'

Lily says, 'Wasn't it funny, mamma, that it was Good Friday when you first thought of me, for it was such a good Friday for me.'—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Easter.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

In the darkness and the silence the bulb lay sleeping long,
To waken when the birds returned and earth was blithe with song.

To lift a spike of fragrant bloom for all our eyes to see,
To touch again with vital breath the chords of memory.

So, always since the early days ere sorrow's weight we knew,
The flowers have followed in the train when April's magic drew

The grasses and the blossoms and the thousand lovely things
On sod and tree, to greet the songs, to meet the fluttering wings.

Life holds high festival to-day, triumphant over death,
Exalts us, creatures of a span, with faint and failing breath,

To that high place where evermore the reign of death is past,
Where never more is battle's dread; the last fight done, the last!

And Christ, victorious, leads His own to pastures green and fair,
What joy of joys before us when that feast of love we share!

But, though a little while we wait, the Easter music swells,
And even ears grown dull with care may hear the Easter bells.

The darkness and the silence; they will pass with break of day!
We will reach the endless Easter where the shadow flee away,

When by the little step outside this sphere of toil and strife,
We, who are Christ's dear children, shall enter into life.

—'Intelligencer.'

Out-of-School Equations.

(By Olive E. Dana.)

An exquisite copy of a famous picture had just been placed in the window of a city art-store, and all the morning a little crowd of passers-by had lingered before it, each group melting away, after a moment, to be replaced at once by another. As the bells rang the noon-hour, the throng on the pavements was seen to change character, and to move less leisurely. But even now there were many who snatched a minute or two to glance at the picture, despite the fact that an hour is, at best, a brief lunch time, when there are two or three miles of pavement to be travelled, going and returning.

One of these, a girl, seemed, as she lingered, quite forgetful of both the hour and the place. It was not the first time, either. Indeed, this window, or the moments she spent before it, had become one of her daily pleasures. No re-arrangement of its contents, no withdrawal of or addition to its treasures, could escape her notice. But she was presently aware that some one had paused close beside her, and a familiar voice at once accosted her.

'Ah, Stella! You are quite as fond of pictures as you used to be!' The speaker was a young woman in reality hardly older than Stella herself, but she betrayed at once the possession of culture and experience, the gains from larger and finer associations, which should accrue from added and well-used years.

'This is a fine copy,' she said, after a discriminating look. 'I was afraid it might be disappointing. But this is almost the picture itself.'

'Yes, I saw it in Munich last year.' Then as her glance wandered from the centre of the spacious window to the other things grouped beside and before it, she exclaimed:

'Ah, there are two or three exquisite madonnas! The Sistine, and Raphael's of the gold-finch; and that copy of the Correggio is very nearly perfect. I must have that for my collection.' And she passed into the store, stopping only to say warmly:

'Come to see me, won't you, Stella? I'm to be at home all the winter. You'd find me almost any evening, and always Thursdays.'

But Stella hardly made answer, and went on her way up-town more quickly, indeed, as must needs be for the lingering but with a vague discontent in her heart which presently shaped itself in definite, if unuttered complaint.

'Edith Decker can have a collection! And she knows all the madonnas by heart. Why shouldn't she, if she's seen them all in the originals? And the rest of the old masters and the modern ones too? She didn't though, and wasn't any quicker to see points, than some of the rest of us at school? She keeps up, though; she has had a chance to, and goes ahead, and the rest of us forget and fall behind.

'I'd like to have kept up with my drawing, and a little with the art reading, as well as with some other things. And I thought of a collection like that, long, long ago. But a dollar now and then, and fifty cents, for a photograph you want and mayn't see again is something. Quite likely you haven't it to spend. Though 'twould keep up one's interest in such things wonderfully, and be a happiness beside. The—— Circle had some good art-readings, but I couldn't seem to manage it, somehow, either for the time or the money. I wish I could have. Dear me, there's Lettie Maynard beckoning, and I haven't a minute.'

Nevertheless she paused at the foot of the steps of the house from one of whose windows the signal had come.

'I won't keep you,' said Lettie, breathless with her run downstairs. 'I had to tell you that Mrs. B——, we all want to hear her! lectures at the chapel to-morrow evening, instead of the missionary meeting. It's our regular night, you know, and we were to have the reports, but we couldn't let this chance go by! I'll call in for you.'

'But I don' tknow who Mrs. B——is or does, or did,' reflected Stella, as she went on, a little faster. 'I don't always go to the missionary meetings, either, Lettie knows. But this is different, I guess. It must be what Dr. Cameron was speaking of in the car this morning, with Mrs. Leland. Dear me! I'm rusting all out, and on all sides of me! And how can I help it? But I'll ask the folks about this,' she said.

But 'the folks,' or at least her father and brother, were discussing eagerly some events in the business world, already become of much general significance, to which reports in the evening paper gave even graver import. There was no chance for her inquiry, even if the making it had not presently escaped her remembrance. And, besides, she found herself curiously interested in what they were saying. Was the interest, though, less or more, because of her own realized ignorance?

'Anybody could read the papers,' she told herself. 'I will, to-night, after I run to Mollie's a minute. I really ought to know about that woman!'

Mollie was busy with a problem her younger sister had brought her. 'That equation must be wrong somehow,' she exclaimed, pushing the algebra aside, and bending again over the slip Ruth had submitted. 'Why, yes. Here, Ruthie, your work was all right; but, don't you see, you took the wrong quantity. That needn't come in at all. See? Put this in, instead, and you have just what you wanted.'

'I wish I could set my calculations right as easily,' she sighed, as the young girl turned away with her elucidated problem, and with relieved thanks. 'Or that somebody could tell me how to go about it. There were two or three things I wanted so much to do this quarter, and some things that it seems to me I shall have to have, and the most of them I shall have to let go again. It is so queer, I don't see where the money does go.'

'I always put down just what I use mine for, as I go along,' said Stella, with some satisfaction. 'Every least little thing. And I have ever since I have earned any.'

'Does it make it go any farther?' asked Mollie, slyly.

Stella flushed.

'Perhaps it would, if I considered it more,' she said, after a moment, and quite seriously.

'And one could do that very often, without the memoranda, and beforehand,' rejoined Mollie, laughing regretfully. 'Oh, I know what I used mine for that I needn't have—some of it. I can think back a month or two.'

'It's just because we don't think how we shall use it—or our time, either, or at least our leisure,' said Stella, soberly. 'And that is worth even more. It is like Ruthie's equation,' she went on. 'If you put the wrong into it, or what doesn't belong there, and needn't be, why, you can't get the best things out, try as hard as you will. No,' rising, 'I guess I won't stay to-night—I was here all last evening, you know. I just ran in to speak about the lecture at the chapel.'

'Mrs. B——? And it's the Mrs. B—— that wrote "World's Missions," isn't it? The book Miss Payne read with us. And some one spoke of her at the meeting last month.

Why, don't hurry, Stell—and you wanted the bolero pattern. I'll find it.'

But Stella was already at the door.

'No, you needn't. I don't think I shall use it. Come to think of it, I guess the waist will do as it is. 'Twas new in the spring, anyway. Yes, I'll call in for you. Lettie is going to come around for me, and we'll both stop for you.'

And Stella shut the door softly, but firmly—if by even a look she enticed Mollie out into the moonlight, just 'to go a piece,' little girl fashion, why, there was an end to what either of them might do that night, or think.

And the thinking seemed to Stella, just then, of first importance.

'Money isn't everything,' she murmured, as she lighted her lamp and turned to her desk for a certain red-covered memorandum book. 'Nor the best thing. But it does stand for a good many of them, when you come to use it—or it could. "Can't" mayn't be in the dictionary, but it's in mathematics, all the way through, and in life. And there are equivalents and equations? The things that have the same equivalents are far enough from being the same things in their results. What do I spend my money for, anyway? Dress, and what goes with it; confectionery; "sundries"—which are mostly nothing at all, to keep. I'll take out those. H'm—fall jacket—could have worn my spring one; waist—I must have a dozen already; stocks—I have any number that could be freshened. Making over suit; re-trimming hat—I could have done without those.

'I do believe,' she said at last, after some minutes of calculation, 'that I could have saved enough these two years on just clothes and "sundries" to have given me the western trip father wanted me to take so much, and to have paid the art tuition, and bought me some good books and pictures besides; and I should have done just as much at home and in the church too. Well! And now I begin to see how some of my time goes,' she mused, rocking back and forth, gently; 'to say nothing of the hours I know I've taken to putter over all those fixings I needn't have had, and—and to eat candy, and to loiter around and buy the things, Saturdays and half-holidays. If I've been half as careless of my minutes as I have of my money, why, I don't wonder I'm rusty. I should think I'd corroded through and through. And perhaps I am,' with a sober little smile.

'The very worst of it is, too,' she reflected, letting pencil and paper slip to the floor, and clasping her hands about her knees, meditatively—'the worst of it all is, you get used to doing without the real things. It is bad enough to miss them as you go along. But to stop wanting them, and to forget what they mean, and how to appreciate them—ugh! And you would, of course, if it were long enough. I mayn't have any more to put into life,' she said, rising, and going over to her book-shelves with a look of pleased re-discovery. 'Not very much money, nor leisure, nor mind! But I will be particular about what I do have stands for.'

The scripture lesson which Dr. Cameron read in the pulpit the next Sunday morning was the parable of the talents. Stella lifted her head quickly, to hear; and Mollie, yes, Mollie turned half about to see if her friend remembered. And then both the girls listened eagerly. All the more reason, then, for the diligent care in the making of these equations. For the problems were of God's own setting, and the things to be computed his goods,' awaiting his increase.

On Time.

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied.

Out of this number two were selected whose references were very good, and whose appearance and manners were alike favorable.

He hesitated between the two, and after a private conversation with each told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made.

The gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly, as the great clock sounded the hour, one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once. Five minutes later, the second boy came.

'Just five minutes too late,' said the gentleman. 'I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me.'

Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Yes, your time is money. Do not fancy that your time is of little value, and so you can use it as you please. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.—'Advance.'

The Reign of Christ.

Where Jesus comes, and Love is stirred
To strive and toil in blest employ,
Through all the clang its song is heard,—
Joy.

Where Jesus stands, and Love at rest
Makes pain half glad, bids sorrow cease,
The fair dawn shines, before unguess'd,—
Peace.

Where Jesus reigns, and Love may be
Voiceless and blind, yet know his hour
And strew his path, dull earth shall see
Power.

—Anstance Rede.

He is Risen.

On Sunday morn at break of day
The faithful women went their way
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, 'Ye seek the Lord, but he
Is risen and gone to Galilee.'

—From an old Latin hymn.

Correspondence

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the No. 1 Company of Boys' Brigade of this town, and we get this paper once a week. My father is a minister of the Disciples Church, and I belong to the church also. The population of this town is 7,400.

I live near the shore of the bay, and can often go in swimming. Should we not thank God for giving us such a good country and lovely flowers and birds?

HERBERT.

(Age twelve.)

Warwick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am only a little boy, eight years old, but I thought I would like to write a letter to you. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. In the afternoon either father or mother reads the hard stories to me and my three brothers. My sister, who is older, can read it all. But I can read only the page for little folks. I have two cats and they are both pets; one of them is a bluish gray with a white spot on her throat, like a necktie, and the other one is pure white. I am trying to learn music. I have taken eight lessons. I am in a class of eight pupils, and our teacher says that at the end of twelve lessons she is going to give a prize to the one that can answer the questions best. So I am going to try hard to win it.

Although my home is in Warwick, I have never seen Warwick Castle, but I have seen a picture of it. A large log house a few miles from here is sometimes called Warwick Castle, but I guess it does not look much like the great castle in England. I remain, yours truly,

CYRIL.

Warwick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I have four pets, two cats and two dogs. One of the dogs is whitish brown and is about twelve years old. We have had him ever since he was a puppy. The other one is black, and we have had him only a few weeks. He is only about ten years old. He is about as good a watch dog as you could find, and is good to drive cattle also. I went to the sugar bush yesterday and saw the sap dropping into the buckets. It tasted very sweet, but not so sweet as the toffy which we made at night. I am yours very truly,

ROY.

Cottonwood.

Dear Editor,—I live in the North-West on a farm. We go in for making butter. We got a cream separator last year, and milked fifteen cows. I learned to milk when I was ten years old, and I could milk three cows. Now I can milk six or seven, or more if I were forced to. I help pa to clean out the stable and do chores while my two big brothers are away for a load of straw or wood. I don't go to school in winter, but am going to start in the first of April. We have an organ in the school and pictures. We sing and go through motions. Yours truly,

GEORGE.

(Age twelve.)

Rosebery, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Having seen your kind invitation for correspondence in your much-prized paper, I thought I should try.

My sister is a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger.' We all enjoy reading it very much. I hardly know how I got along without it before.

My papa's occupation is farming. I am very much attached to all the domestic animals. I especially love the dear little lambs, they are so playful. I have no pets except a dear old black cat with a white shirt and gray whiskers. She knows me best. Her name is Queenie. I go to school every day nearly. The school is but a quarter of a mile from us. I like my teacher very well. I am in the fifth reader and learn Latin and French besides the other lessons. My papa and mamma are very anxious that I should acquire a good education. They know best, and I intend to profit by their advice. My sister Emeline, aged fifteen, attends Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. She, too, wishes me to follow up my educational advantages. But I must tell you about my little brother Willie. He is seven years old, goes to school, and is in the third reader. He is very bright and got a prize last year from his teacher for 'Good attendance.' He values it highly. After school hours he is out making machines, sleighs, waggons, etc., etc. All the time 'Busy doing nothing.' But he is sometimes very helpful to his older brother. Our schoolhouse is situated in a very pleasant place on a hill; below are mills, and I love to watch the water flowing down in torrents.

On the banks are all kinds of berries. In the woods surrounding it there are wild pears and cherries, nuts, etc. I do not think there are many school-houses situated in such a nice place as ours. I am looking forward to smiling May, when we shall go gathering the beautiful sweet-smelling May flowers which are found in the woods and banks around the mills.

Well, dear Editor, I must close to leave room to other eager ones. I hope to be favored by seeing this in print.

MAYBEL.

(Age thirteen.)

New Cumberland, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of your paper, and I like it very much. I was reading in this week's paper about the war of Japan. I will tell what a missionary said about how he first preached to the people of Japan. He said he had to stand behind porches or in some back streets. A few came at first. In a short time more came to hear him, and they made Christians out of some of them, or thought they had. Finally the wicked ruler heard of these Christians, and he had them all killed. The missionary left the island until this summer was past, and then they went back. The people would run whenever they saw a missionary. God changed the heart of the ruler, and he said he would not do any harm to those who wanted to be Christians. This missionary tried to rent a house, but when he told them he wanted it for a church, they said, 'You can't have it.' Finally he bought a hall. The other missionaries just laughed at him, and said, 'You can't get no one to come in.' The next thing he did was to get a lot of bills printed. These he scattered and pasted on poles and fences, stating that there would be preaching there that evening, and everybody should come. Every night more came. One night, when he had a large crowd in the hall, the ruler came in. They all started to run out. The ruler told them not to be frightened. He stood up in front of the audience and told his people Christianity was the best thing in the world. He said he was in Japan when the soldiers started for China. He asked the general if he would dare give his soldiers books to read, and he said 'Yes, if it did not interfere with their work. He had the gospel printed in paper tracts, and as the soldiers passed by he gave each one of these tracts. They all thanked him, and when they came back he said he saw a great change in some of them. The missionary asked the general what he thought of religion. He said it was the best thing in the world, and they wanted to hear more of it. The general said, too, that if they wanted men that they could trust they would always take those who were converted by this gospel. He said they never shrank from their duty, and he could trust them to anything. And so it still goes on. May we be able to send out more missionaries to preach the gospel, and may the 'Messenger' go over the globe for all little boys and girls to read.

SAMUEL.

The Manse, Franktown.

Dear Editor,—I will endeavor to give you a sketch of the life of my favorite missionary, Dr. John G. Paton.

John G. Paton, D.D., missionary to the New Hebrides, born in the parish of Kirkmahoe, near Dumfries, Scotland, on May 24th, 1824, and at the age of five removed with his parents to the town of Porthowald. From his parents he received the Christian training which made him what he proved himself to be in after life, brought up under the noble example of a sainted father and mother, who at an early date gave their son to God. He attended the parish school at Porthowald, 'a school,' he says, 'where the Bible and Catechism were taught as zealously as grammar and geography.' The teacher punished him severely on some occasions, but, noticing that John was not so 'braw' as his schoolmates, one evening, while the family were engaged in family prayer, he opened the door and put in a parcel which proved to be a suit of clothes for John. (When Dr. Smith, of Kingston, was here, he told us that his father was the teacher of the school.) Before he was twelve years of age he learned his father's trade of stocking-manufacturing, spending his spare moments in learning the rudiments of Latin and Greek, and by means of his savings was enabled to take a six weeks' course in Dumfries Academy, which awakened in him a love for learning. He received the appointment of tract distributor in Glasgow, and with it a year's training in the Church Normal School Seminary, and afterwards he taught in the Maryhill Free Church School, then became City Missionary, all the time pursuing his studies in theology and medicine.

During his early life he had long desired to become a missionary, so he offered himself as a missionary to the New Hebrides, under the Reformed Presbyterian Church (in after years he was transferred to the Australian Presbyterian Church), and was accepted. Few of his friends wished him to go. But did John G. Paton let the opportunity go by without carrying out his greatest desire, and see hundreds more of the human race go down to death, never knowing that there was a gospel of civilization, of peace, of love, which might be theirs in this life and could give them a glorious immortal life after death when he might have helped them? No; and to New Hebrides Dr. Paton went and would he have been more pleased with his life's work to-day had he remained at home?

Dr. Paton settled on the Island of Tanna, on Nov. 5, 1858. He found the Tannese to be painted savages, enveloped in all the darkness of superstition. They were almost constantly at war among themselves, and practised wife-murder to a great extent. They were great thieves, and although at first they were friendly, as time passed by they began to distrust him, and he was blamed for every misfortune that befel any native. Many times it seemed as if death were at hand, but the restraining hand of God was over all, and in many cases when natives had clubs in their hand, intending to strike, they turned and fled. The shadows continued deepening, and when measles were spread on the island (through the treachery of a sandalwood trader), the storm burst all around, and in 1862 he was obliged to leave Tana, by boat, saving nothing except the clothes he had on, and a few copies of his printing.

But because he had failed on Tanna, Dr. Paton did not give up his work, so he went through Australia raising funds for a mission ship, which was sorely needed. In Australia he passed through many rough experiences, and the story of his exciting ride on the back of Garibaldi through the Australian bush affords interesting reading for old or young.

In 1866, Dr. Paton settled on the island of Aniwa, a smaller and less savage island than Tanna. There he learned the language and built a mission-house. His first convert was old chief Namakei, who soon brought his only child—Litsi the Great, Queen of the Aniwans—and gave her to Dr. Paton and his wife to train up for Jesus; and then the chief's brother, who had once tried to kill Dr. Paton, brought his child—Litsi the Little—also. They also adopted some boys, and these children frequently warned them of danger. 'The sinking of the well' was an important occurrence on Aniwa, as, being in scarcity for water, Dr. Paton undertook to sink a well, much to the astonishment of the natives, who thought it so strange to try and get water from under the earth! When the well was done, and fresh water obtained, the natives were delighted, and on the following Sabbath Namakei gave an eloquent address on the 'Sinking of the Well,' strongly urging the people to cast away their idols. This address and the well broke the heathenism of Aniwa, and during the next few weeks company after company cast away their gods of wood and stone. From that time they flocked to every meeting, wore an article of clothing each, asked God's blessing on every meal, and held family prayer morning and evening; and everyone who neglected these duties was considered still heathen. In eight years from the time Dr. Paton settled on Aniwa, all were professing Christians. Without help from without they built their own church and seven schools, and have sent twelve of their best workers as native teachers to a heathen island, among these was Litsi, Queen of Aniwa, who became a missionary on Tanna, to the tribe to which her first husband's murderer belonged. She might have been wealthy had she remained on her own island, but she chose rather to fulfil the command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

On Jan. 6, 1873, the 'Dayspring' went down, so Dr. Paton left Aniwa to gather funds for a second ship. This he accomplished, and in Dec., 1883, once more he set out to raise funds for a third ship, the one in use being too small. In 1893, when Dr. Paton was going through Canada, I saw him and heard him speak. After service my father took me up to see him, and I gave him a dollar. He wrote my name in a note-book, and said, 'God bless you.' The third 'Dayspring,' I am sorry to say, has since been lost near the New Hebrides group.

Dr. Paton's noble life is not ended, and his sons are following in his footsteps. One of his sons, Rev. Fred. Paton, is settled on Malekula. I read Dr. Paton's book five years ago, and since have read 'Mrs. Paton's Letters' and the 'Life of Dr. J. Geddie,' also 'Life of A. M. Mackay of Uganda.' I have also seen a missionary from China, a lady missionary from Turkey, and O. E. Eshoo, native missionary in Persia. Mr. Eshoo told us that in Persia they only have one name each, his being 'Eshoo,' so when he came to Canada, so as to make his name like others, he took his father's name, his grandfather's name and his own, to make a name for himself. He also told us that my name was the Persian name for 'Fig,' which is

TENA.

(Age fourteen.)

Stella.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and I am in the third book. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. I like to read the little stories in it.

I like to skate, but I cannot skate very well, but I can learn. I like to ride down hill with my sled, but the snow is all gone now. I live on Amherst Island. It is one of the Thousand Islands, and it is a very pretty place.

I have a colt which I am very fond of. Yours truly,

RAYMOND.

The Grandfather Rabbit.

How did it happen? They were the dearest friends, if Margery was rich and Nan poor. They were old enough to know better, besides—Nan nine, and Margery nine and a quarter!

But it did happen. Going home from school, four days before Easter, they stopped before the candy-store, which swallowed the most of their pennies.

'Oh!' Nan exclaimed. 'See all the white rabbits!'

'They're candy-boxes,' said Margery. 'See that biggest one! He's the grandfather of all the rest.'

Nan's affections were immediately centred on the grandfather rabbit. He was made of sugar, and he was dazzlingly white. He had long ears and pink, bright eyes. He sported a pink ribbon, which covered the place where his head unscrewed to let the candy in.

'He's sweet,' said Margery, 'I want him.'

'So do I,' said Nan.

'I'm going to have him,' said Margery.

'Mebbe I am,' said Nan.

'I'm going to buy him when I come back this noon; so!' said Margery.

'Then you'll be just awful mean,' Nan cried, tremulously.

'I've got a secret,' said Margery, 'and I ain't going to tell you. I'm going to tell Idella Miles.'

That was desperate! That was fearful! But, 'Wish you would!' Nan retorted. And she switched off alone.

She thought of nothing but the grandfather rabbit all the noon. How mean Margery was! When she went back to school she looked into the candy-store window, breathless. Had Margery — No! he sat there plump and jolly, in the midst of his numerous family. His price was marked on him—fifty cents.

She and Margery did not 'speak' that afternoon. At recess Margery played jackstones with Idella Miles. And after school Nan overheard Idella telling Katie Briggs some of the secrets that Margery had told her.

'She wants that big white candy rabbit down at the store,' she said, 'but her mother thinks she's spent too much for her already, for new things for Easter. Margery's going to have it, though; she's going to take some of her own money out of the bank.'

Nan felt a little, defiant, naughty thrill of hope. And that evening she told her father about the grandfather rabbit.

'Rabbits are terribly destructive; they eat growing plants. You will have to pen him up,' he said, for he was a funny man; but he gave her a quarter.

Her brother Ed gave her five cents. Then her mother gave her ten for sweeping the front walk two mornings.

She and Margery had nothing to do with each other now. It was a real quarrel. And as to Margery's having the rabbit, she couldn't bear to think of that.

By Saturday she was highly anxious. But on Saturday afternoon the gas-collector patted her on the head and called her 'little gell,' and gave her ten cents.

Nan seized the old collar-box in which she had saved her money, and clapped her hat on wrong side before, and ran. Ran for the grandfather rabbit. He was gone. Gone! Nan flew into the store.

'Did Margery Gates buy the grand — the biggest rabbit?' she cried, with excited voice.

'Seems to me the little Gates girl did take the biggest one,' said the clerk.

All the way home Nan's hot tears splashed on the collar-box. Was her grief all for the loss of the grandfather rabbit? No. If anybody but Margery had bought him! But for Margery to have got him after all! It was heart-breaking. She burst into the sitting-room, sobbing.

'Margery Gates has gone and got the grandfather rabbit, just because I wanted him,' she wailed, 'and she's just as mean and horrid as she can be!'

'Anna!' said her mother, and Nan said no more. It was a serious affair when her mother called her Anna.

But she sat there and cried dismally till her mother lost patience and went upstairs. So that, when the door-bell rang, Nan, all tear-stained and tousled, had to answer it. It was a boy who left a box without any remarks.

In the box was something wrapped in tissue-paper. It was—why—it was—the grandfather rabbit!

Nan lifted him out, gasping. Tied into the ribbon round his neck, was a letter.

'Dear Nan,' it said, 'I baut him this morning, and I was sorry and ashamed when I baut him. I wisht I had not been mene. I love you just the same as ever. I want you to go to cherch with us to-morrow. There are going to be a lot of flours.

MARGERY.'

Margery never could spell.

Nan's lips trembled very much. She lifted the rabbit, and kissed him. He felt heavy. He was filled with chocolates. That was too much. Nan sat down and cried again, in a very different way. And when her mother came down, and read Margery's letter—well, the only dry eyes were the grandfather rabbit's shining pink ones.

Margery and her father and mother came for Nan in the carriage the next morning. A beautiful morning! Everybody was going to church decked with flowers. Margery wore some white roses, and she had red ones for Nan.

In the beautiful church Nan sat and gazed at the great lilies which filled the altar and made all the air delicious. She gazed and listened eagerly to the sweet music of the Easter hymn which the choir poured out.

And yet—the flowers and the music were not quite the best of it. The little girl thought of the grandfather rabbit; and Nan slipped her hand into Margery's, as they sat there. And they looked at each other.

'Oh, we shall never, never quarrel again!' was what their eyes said.—Emma A. Opper, in 'Youth's Companion.'

'Thank Him.'

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier; taking his hand, he said, 'Well, my brother, what can I do for you?' He supposed of course the young fellow would want him to cry to God for help in his extremity; it was not so.

'Chaplain,' he said, 'I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me.'

'For what?' asked the chaplain.

For giving me such a mother: oh, she is a good mother! Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank him for giving me dying grace; he has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And O chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there.'

'And so,' said the chaplain, 'I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter: only praises and thanksgivings for a good mother, a Christian hope, a dying grace, and an eternal home in glory.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

Betty's Help.

Betty was very busy. Her father was in the boat behind, but grandpa had borrowed Betty to help him.

BETTY'S HELP.

Betty pulled and pulled on the rope that raised the sail, and thought she was doing the whole work. But grandpa's hands were above hers, and he was lifting with his strong arms. Betty could not have stirred the sail herself, but grandpa loved to see her try. It meant that she wanted to help him.

Sometimes little folks, and big ones, too, want to help do God's work. If it goes on bravely, the little ones grow proud and think they do it all. But they could do nothing without God. Still he loves to see them try.

I think if Betty had been told she was not lifting the sail she would have said, 'But I can pull a little;' and her grandpa would have said, 'You help me a great deal.'

Are you trying to pull a little?—'Mayflower.'

In a Blind School.

Some remarkable sights are witnessed in the schools for teaching the blind. A visitor to one of these schools tells the following:

In one room the teacher was reading a story, and the children were writing it down on paper. Instead of using pen and ink, they were pricking holes in the paper with steel points. Their fingers are so sensitive that by touching these punctures they can read easily. It seemed strange to see some of the pupils writing in this way, holding their paper below the desks, quite 'out of sight,' as an eye-sighted person would say.

In another part of the room the children were doing examples in written arithmetic, using paper and punches instead of slate and pencil, and working very quickly and carefully

The children of the geography class—poor things!—make maps for themselves. The mountains are little mounds of wax, pieces of string are laid down on the paper for rivers and glued in place; beads are sewed on for towns. We are not sure that such maps are not even better than the flat colored ones in our school geographies.

The older pupils are taught to do things; to plait window cord, to cane chairs, to weave baskets. Piano tuning is another work which the blind can do as well as another—perhaps even better for where the eye is dull the ear is often highly sensitive.

The teachers in this school try to teach their pupils to take care of themselves, and to train their sense of touch to take the place of their lost sight.

It is marvellous what the blind can do by the sense of touch. We saw a blind man once stringing small beads, and then shaping them into the most artistic and beautiful designs.—'Bright Jewels.'

The Young Robins.

In a soft, warm nest in a shady tree,
With bright little eyes and wings,
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,
Such tiny, good tempered things.

And the old bird said to the dear little birds,
'I want you to learn to fly,'
And the little ones merrily chirped the words,
'Dear father, we'll try, we'll try.'

Now, a little boy had a sum, to-day,
And was told to go quickly through it;
But he pouted his lip, and was heard to say,
'He was sure that he could not do it.'

Do you think this was half as good
As the birdies who learned to fly?
He would wiser have been—don't you think he would?—
Had he said, 'I'll try, I'll try.'

—'Temperance Truths.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VI.—FERMENTED LIQUORS.

1. What are Fermented Liquors?

Those that are made by the decay of the sugar in sweet liquids.

2. What are the names of those we have talked about?

Ciders and wines of all sorts.

3. Name some other common fermented drinks.

All kinds of beer are fermented liquors.

4. From what is beer made?

Mostly from the juices of barley and other grain.

5. How do they get the juices of grain?

By soaking it in water.

6. How does this make a sweet liquid?

It makes the grain sprout and turn sweet.

7. What is it called when so sprouted?

It is called malt.

8. What else is put in to make beer?

Hops are put in to make it bitter and yeast to make it ferment.

9. What does this fermentation always make?

It makes alcohol in all kinds of beer.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.

LESSON VI.—ALCOHOL.

1. Of what natural drinks did you learn in the last lesson?

Of water and milk, which are natural drinks because they perfectly satisfy natural thirst without doing the body any harm.

2. What else do people sometimes drink?

Many people drink beer and wine and whiskey.

3. Are these natural and useful drinks?

No, they are unnatural and harmful.

4. What is there in all these drinks that does harm?

Alcohol.

5. What do we know about alcohol? Did God make it?

No. It is not found in anything that God has made, but is made in the death and decay of his good things.

6. Of what is wine made?

Of the juice of grapes or of berries.

7. But is not this juice good for us?

Yes, if taken just as soon as pressed out, or while still in the fruit.

8. How does the fresh juice taste?

It has a delicious, sweet taste.

9. What gives it its sweetness.

Sugar, which is in every ripe fruit.

10. If the juice is allowed to stand, what happens?

Soon little bubbles appear on the top of the juice, and the taste is changed.

11. What makes the change?

The sugar of the juice goes to pieces and its parts make other substances.

12. Can you explain this more fully?

Yes; the sugar is made up of three different things which grown-up people call carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Put together in a certain way these three things make the sugar, and the sugar remains just as it is while the juice is shut up in the fruit.

13. What happens when the juice is pressed out?

Then the three elements that make the sugar are free to go where they please, and they like better to arrange themselves in a different way. So they run away from each other; and part of them make water, and part alcohol, and part make a gas that bubbles up on top of the juice.

14. Then if you see the bubbles on top what do you know has happened?

That the sugar has broken up, and there is alcohol down in the juice.

15. Is alcohol formed when the fruit decays on the ground?

No. Alcohol is not made when the fruit decays naturally. Then the whole fruit breaks up and gradually passes away. But when the juice is set free from the solid part of the fruit—as it never is unless somebody presses it out—then the free sugar in its decay makes alcohol.

16. Is alcohol, then, made in the life of the fruit?

No. Alcohol is made only in its death and decay.

17. Is alcohol found in other drinks besides wine?

Yes, in all the drinks we have mentioned; in cider, beer, whiskey, brandy and gin.

18. How does alcohol come in cider?

Just the same as in wine. The apple juice has no alcohol in it when first pressed from the fruit, but almost immediately the sugar in it begins to break up, and alcohol is formed, as we can see from the bubbles rising on the top of the juice.

19. How does it come in the beer?

Beer is made from grain, which is very largely made of starch. Starch contains the very same three elements that sugar has, only differently put together. When the grain is moistened it sprouts, and when it sprouts the starch is changed to sugar.

20. And then what is done?

Then the grain is heated so the sprouts, or tiny plants, will not grow any more, and then it is soaked in water to wash out the sugar. Then when the sweet water is left standing the sugar breaks up just as in the wine, and alcohol is made.

21. What have you now learned about alcohol?

That God never made it in any of his beautiful works; that it is only made by death and decay; and that when bubbles come on top of fruit juice there is alcohol in the juice.

Hints to Teachers.

Only very simply is it needful to teach the children the change in fruit juices and in grain by which alcohol is produced. Do NOT teach them so minutely as to rouse a desire for experimenting as has sometimes been unfortunately done. Just a few facts we have tried to make so clear that the children can never forget them; that there is no alcohol in living nature; that it is produced by decay, and only then when man intereferes with natural decay; and that the moment the bubbles of gas appear on the top we maw know there is alcohol in the juice. This last fact should be carefully impressed, the temptation to take the delicious cider is so strong. Bring the children to know absolutely that no fruit juice on which the bubbles are seen is 'sweet,' as they sometimes so longingly maintain.

Cigarettes in the West.

The war on the cigarette is beginning again with renewed vigor. Many of our states have laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors, or to youths under sixteen, but the laws are seldom enforced. Recently a bill has been introduced in the Illinois legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. Such laws may not be passed as yet, but they are sure to come before long. A writer in the Winona Republican calls attention to the necessity for stricter legislation.

'Recently a leading business man of this city stated in a public assembly that within a short time two young men of his own acquaintance had died of disease superinduced by the cigarette habit. This scribe followed to the grave not long since a young man of rare gifts and noblest ambition, whose untimely death was a grief to many. There is scarcely a community without such sad instances. The chemicals used in preparing the paper to burn slowly, combining with the opiates and nicotine of the materials within, make a most insidious and penetrating poison. Wherever the weakest part of the system, from heredity or from exacting strain, may be found, there stealthily and forcefully this dangerous combination of poisonous ingredients bombards the citadel. This habit is becoming the mightiest foe of physical and mental strength.'

The Improvement Needed.

An increase of leisure and treasure for the masses will not bring in the Golden Age unless the use of the liquor which defiles and degrades be abandoned. Let us strive to secure a sober democracy, and whatever there may be of good in any scheme of any party will be the more readily perceived and more inteligently endorsed than it ever can be by a nation which puts 'an enemy into its mouth to steal away its brains.' Patriots are not bred in tap-rooms, reformers are not reared on beer and whisky. Intoxicating liquor is dangerous because of its alcoholic nature; its effects are not modified by the conditions of its sale, the motives of the seller, or the character of the drinker. When used at all, its tendency is to create an appetite for more; and whether sold by a municipal servant or a privileged monopolist and swallowed by a Socialist or an Individualist its use never tends to the health or sanity or abiding happiness of the nation. In palace and cottage, in colleges and workshops, alike in ancient and modern days, alcohol has ever been the foe of prosperity and progress, and the most useful combination which the closing years of the nineteenth century could witness would be a union of all that is best in all parties for the purpose of crushing this 'enemy of the race.'—Wm. Pearson.

The Archbishop of Canterbury On Temperance.

In reply to an address presented to him by a deputation representing various temperance organizations at a recent mass-meeting held in the interests of education, the Archbishop of Canterbury referred to the remarkable advances made in this reform during the past generation. The cause of temperance, he declared, had never gone back in Great Britain, but, on the contrary, had succeeded in winning one class of society after another, the conversion of the medical profession being one of the greatest victories won by the pertinacity of the temperance reformers. A marked indication of success was to be found in the fact that while ridicule was perhaps stronger in its effect in England than anything else, temperance people had lived it down, and he looked forward to the time when the tables would be entirely turned and ridicule employed in favor of temperance instead of against it. What the cause now requires is perseverance. 'That we have made and are making solid progress,' he concluded, 'is proof that we have had God's blessing in the work, and may that still lead us to further efforts for the future.'—'Union Signal.'

LESSON III.—April 17.

The Transfiguration.

Matt. xvii., 1-9.—Memory verses 1-3.

Golden Text.

'We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.—John i., 14.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xvii., 1-13.—The Transfiguration.
T. Mark ix., 1-13.—Mark's account of it.
W. Luke ix., 28-36.—Luke's story.
T. John i., 1-14.—The testimony of an eye-witness.
F. II. Peter i., 12-21.—'We were eye-witnesses of his majesty.'
S. Matt. xvii., 14-27.—When they came down from the Mount.
S. Ps. ii., 1-12.—'Thou art my son.'

Lesson Story.

Peter, James and John, the three most intimate companions of our Lord's earthly ministry, are taken up into a high mountain with Jesus to behold the glory of his transfiguration. The face of Jesus Christ did shine as the sun, and his raiment became white and glistening as light. And behold, Moses and Elias stood there talking with him. The disciples had been tired and sleepy, but the glory of the vision thoroughly awakened them.

Then the impulsive Peter spoke to Jesus, saying, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.' But as he was speaking, a bright cloud suddenly overshadowed the little group and a voice out of the cloud proclaimed, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.'

When the disciples heard the voice of God, they were much afraid, and fell on their faces. But Jesus came and touched them, saying, 'Arise, and be not afraid.' So they lifted their eyes and when they found they were again alone with Jesus, they took courage and arose. As they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them that they should tell no one what they had seen, until the Son of Man should be risen again from the dead.

Lesson Hymn.

I sometimes wish when the twilight ends,
And stars dip down in the tranquil sea,
That I might bend where the pilgrim bends,
And walk by the waves of Galilee.
I sometimes long with a longing great,
To tread fair Palestine's sacred sod;
To enter in at the beautiful gate
Where Jesus of Nazareth's feet have trod.

I sometimes think he would nearer seem,
If I might follow his sacred feet,
Beside the flowing of Jordan's stream,
On Jordan's mountains wild and sweet,
And yet, O wandering heart, I know,
Though eyes be holden and cannot see,
That here to-night in the starlight glow,
Doth Jesus of Nazareth stand by me.

The days have come when the heart has cried,
When thorns made weary the feet that bled,
When I have thirsted for naught beside,
But on his bosom to lay my head.
But when the hours have weary feet
I think of the long years, thirty and three,
Those thorny years with the cross complete
That Jesus of Nazareth lived for me.

Then bear me up from the things of time,
Uplift my being, Eternal Hand!
And grant my vision the view sublime,
Across the plains to the Promised Land;
And oh, thou heart, that hath borne the sting,
Dear feet, nail-pierced to the rugged tree,
Enfold my soul in thy brooding wing,
And, Jesus of Nazareth, walk with me.
—E. V. Blake.

Lesson Hints.

'Transfigured'—glorified with his original glory and majesty. Read the accounts of the other chroniclers (Mark ix., 2-10; Luke iv., 28-36.) Read also the description of Christ's glory as seen by John the Divine (Rev. i., 13-16; xxi., 22, 23.) Compare (Dan. vii., 9, 10.)

'Elias'—Elijah. Moses and Elijah had each been taken from this life in their full strength and vigor (Deut. xxxiv., 5-7; II. Kings ii., 11.) They came now to talk with Christ of his approaching death at Jerusalem (Luke ix., 31). If our Lord had so wished he might have returned then with them to heaven. But he resolutely turned from this bright vision, and chose the way of the cross with all its shame and agony, that by his death he might redeem us everlastingly from death and punishment.

'It is good for us to be here'—to behold the vision glory. It is good for us to have visions of the glory of Christ and the glory that awaits us, but we cannot stay forever before the vision; we must go down into our every day life of service and toil carrying the beauty and strength from the vision of glory.

'Three tabernacles'—abiding places. But Christ could not stay here, he had work to do elsewhere. Even at that moment a troubled father was awaiting him at the foot of the mountain (verses 14-16).

A voice'—the same which spoke from heaven at the time of Christ's baptism (Matt. iii., 17.)

'Jesus only'—they saw Jesus, he filled their outward vision. Soon they were to see Jesus only with the eye of faith. He should fill the vision of our hearts. Jesus only can save, Jesus only can live in us, being our peace, Jesus only can live in us, being our all and all.

Primary Lesson.

I see four men on a mountain top. What are they doing up there, far above the rest of the world? Who is the fourth man? His face shines like the sun, his raiment is white and glistening with heavenly light. Surely this is the Son of God! Surely this mountain is filled with the glory of God!

Suddenly two other men appear, clothed in shining garments and speaking to the Son of God. Who are these? These are men who have lived on earth with God, and gone home to God without any sickness or pain. Their names are Moses and Elias. Perhaps they are asking Jesus, the Son of God, if he will come home to heaven without any suffering or pain. He might have gloriously ascended then, but he said, No, he must suffer and die on the cross and rise again, so that he might conquer death and redeem the world from the power of sin. 'Redeem' means to buy back. Jesus has bought our lives by his precious life-blood, we are his. We belong to Jesus only.

Do you remember what happened at Jesus' baptism? A voice came from heaven saying. 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' At the transfiguration of Jesus, God spoke these words again, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him.' So we see that Jesus is truly God as well as truly man. Because he is God he can save us, and because he is man he can comfort and sympathize with us in all our sufferings. He was tempted in every way that we can be, yet he never sinned. When we are tempted he will keep us from yielding, if we ask and trust him to do it.

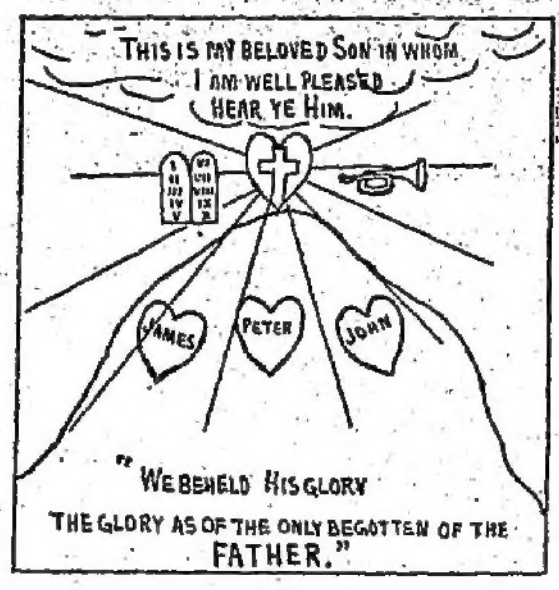
Suggested Hymns.

'All hail the power of Jesus,' 'There is a green hill,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Glory to God on high,' 'Hear the battle cry,' 'Praise Him!' 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' 'Glory, laud, and honor.'

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our picture tells the lesson story. The mountain, James, Peter and John watching. The Christ symbol shining with glorious light upon all the others present. The two tables of the law standing for Moses, while the trumpet stands for Elias the warlike prophet of the Lord. The voice from the clouds, God's testimony to Christ. The voice below, the witness of the three to what they had seen.

Emphasize here the truth that the three were not permitted to remain on the mountain, but taken down to the valley to share his work and later to Gethsemane to share


THIS IS MY BELOVED SON IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED HEAR YE HIM.
JAMES
PETER
JOHN
"WE BEHELD HIS GLORY
THE GLORY AS OF THE ONLY BEGOTTEN OF THE FATHER."

his sufferings. No privilege without corresponding responsibility.

Practical Points.

April 17th.—Matt. xvii., 1-9.

The disciples mentioned in verse 1 were highly favored, on this occasion, beholding the brightness of his glory, and later witnessing his agonizing manhood. (Matt. xxvi., 37.)

In the rapture of earnest prayer may we behold the glory of God shining through the face of Jesus. (Verse 2, Exod. xxxiii., 18.)

'There is nothing that giveth me comfort like a little talk with him.' (Verse 3, Luke xxiv., 32.)

The mount of transfiguration may be a health resort for the Christian, but not his permanent dwelling, for 'there's work to do for Jesus." (Verse 4.)

Brightest visions vanish, dearest friends depart, but Jesus will never forsake us. (Verses 5-8.)

The disciples were not able to preach the gospel in its purity and fulness till after the resurrection. (Verse 9.)

Christian Endeavor Topics.

April 17.—Lessons from great missionaries. —Acts xiii., 1-3, 13-33, 42-52.

Prayer and Study.

Devoted teachers pray over their lessons. The Spirit is the best interpreter of the Word to the earnest soul searching for the real thought and truth of the lesson. In preparing for the hour on Sunday with your class use the best help you can get. Study the best commentaries, and the best special comments on the lesson attend the teachers' meeting and there ask all the questions you don't understand, not for controversy, but for honest instruction. Be free to bring forward your thought. Weigh everything. Think, think, think about the things you read and hear, and especially about the Word itself. Pray much over it all, then my brethren and Sunday-school workers, you will be surprised that so many precious original thoughts come to your mind. The Spirit helps those who help themselves, when faithfully asked to do so. If we get too indolent to study our lessons and dig down deep into its precious truths, and then go before the Lord with empty head and ask him to help us to get something out of the lessons, God won't pay much attention to that prayer. The fisherman who skims the surface with his net catches flies, and it may be said that flies are good for bait, but remember your class wants something better besides bait, and if bait is needed it will take something better than flies to catch the bright boys and girls in your class.—T. H. Thomas.

The Home Department undoubtedly meets a great need in Sabbath-school work. There are a great many who cannot attend the meetings of the school; but there is no one who cannot secure at least 30 minutes each week for the study of the lesson, and this is what the Home Department means. We hope that very soon each of our schools may have a Home Department.—Western Paper.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Guest Book.

Did you ever think how pleasant it would be to have a record of all the people who had been guests in your home? Well, this is possible if you will only take the trouble to make a guest book. A tablet of fine linen paper is fitted with a cover of cardboard, over which is stretched linen embroidered with motto and flowers or leaves; or the cover may be made of celluloid painted with a dainty spray of flowers, or of plain parchment, neatly lettered with gold or bronze paint. In the edge where the

leaves are fastened together several holes are cut with a punch, and through these ribbons are passed and made into pretty knots. To one of the ends is tied a well-sharpened pencil. This dainty little trifle is laid in a convenient place, and every guest is asked to place his or her name in it, with the date of their visit. Many will add a couplet or verse, perhaps, and thus an interesting and pleasant memory will be kept of all who partake of the hospitality of your home. The cost of this little book will be from thirty to fifty cents.—'The Housekeeper.'

Baking Bread in Winter.

Much has been said about how to make bread, but we hear very little said about raising it; this, however, is as important a part of bread baking as setting the sponge. In the summer we do not have to give it so much attention, but in the winter a great deal of care must be taken. Generally we set our yeast over night and mix our bread the next morning. Now, if we set our yeast in the evening previous to baking our bread, we should take care that it is kept in as warm a place as possible during the night. If one has a reservoir they may put their yeast on that, providing it is not too hot, for this would spoil the yeast. Some do not let their yeast rise enough so as to raise the bread quickly. I set a gallon crock half full at night and as soon, the next morning, as it is full I mix my bread up stiff. Before I do this I sift my flour in my pan, set it on the back of the stove and keep stirring it up from the bottom with my hands. I do this until the flour is warmed through. I then put in the salt, hollow out a place in the centre and pour in my yeast. This I mix with as much warm water as I think will make all the bread I want.

The next thing to do is to set it in a warm place to rise. This means more than it seems, for the most difficult part has now come. This is the way I manage my bread, and I most always have from eight to ten loaves baked by noon. I have four bricks, either in the oven or on top of the stove, to heat while I mix my bread. After mixing it, I place it in a greased pan large enough to have plenty of room to rise, place my hot bricks on a box near the stove; if they are too hot I put a few small pieces of sticks on them, and place my bread pan on this.

Next, I take a large baking pan, warm it in the oven and get it quite warm and place it, upside down, over my bread pan; also have ready a warm cloth, quite heavy, with which cover the whole. This will not let the heat escape, and the bread will not be affected by draughts from open doors. I work my bread down twice, and when it rises the third time I make loaves, set them on the warm bricks, cover all over and let rise until light enough to bake. Some who read may think this nonsense, but just give it a trial and see.—Harriett J. Dalton in 'The Housekeeper.'

Selected Recipes.

Boiled Eggs.—It is the common way to boil eggs only about five minutes, and call them hard. They are then very 'hard' of digestion. Boil ten minutes and they are still hard and soggy. Boil them twenty minutes and they become light and mealy, and may be easily mashed and seasoned. To boil eggs so that they will be 'soft,' drop the whole eggs carefully into boiling water, and boil steadily three and a half minutes by the watch. This is a common method; though the white is hardened the yolk is scarcely cooked at all. Another method is to lay the eggs in a warm basin or saucepan, and cover with boiling water. Let them remain without boiling but where the water will keep hot for ten minutes. Both yolk and white will be cooked soft.

Bread Pudding Without Milk.—Take pieces of dry bread, a half-pint, more or less, and pour boiling water on them. When soft mix with this a cup of fruit of any kind, stewed or fresh, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the yolks of two eggs, and spices and sugar to taste. Bake twenty minutes; just before it is done spread on the beaten whites of the eggs, and brown slightly.

Spiced Gingerbread.—Rub together a cupful each of butter and sugar; add four well-beaten eggs, a cup of molasses, one of sour milk, a tablespoonful of ginger, the same of cinnamon, the rind and juice of a lemon, four cupsful of sifted flour, and two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix well together, and bake in two loaves.

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Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
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